3 Mr Griffen
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N. 2. 4.

THE
Humours of Purgatory.
A
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As it is Acted at the
NEW THEATRE in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

By Mr. GRIFFIN.

——*Et Mortis præripit Horam.*

LONDON: Printed for A. BETTESWORTH at the *Red Lyon* in *Pater-Noster-Row*; and Sold by *J. Graves* in St. *James's Street.* 1716.
Price One Shilling.

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Price One Shilling.

TO

AARON HILL, *Esq;*

SIR,

YOU have so often condescended to express your self my Friend, that 'twould be a piece of the highest Ingratitude, if I let pass any Opportunity of making an Acknowledgment. I shall ever own 'tis from that Encouragement and Approbation you were pleas'd to honour me with, that I de-

rive all the Succeſs I have hitherto had on the Stage: And if I may any Way judge of it by the Smiles of an Audience, in ſome of thoſe Parts I have attempted, (though an Actor of but one Year's Experience) I have had the good Fortune to pleaſe; yet I muſt own I have met with Oppoſers too: But ſo long as I can boaſt of your Favour and Protection, among the reſt of thoſe worthy Patrons of the Stage, whoſe Diverſion is my ſole Aim in all I attempt, I ſhall never have Occaſion either to fear or regard them. I am ſenſible this Trifle I prefix your Name to, is far unworthy the Honour:

But

But that good Nature which is ſo inſeparable from you, will, I hope, pardon what your Judgment muſt diſapprove. I never deſign'd it as a Preſent; all I propoſe, is Gratitude, to diſcharge, as far as I have Power, thoſe Obligations you have laid me under; and let the World know I have no Wiſh beyond that of ſubſcribing my ſelf,

Your oblig'd,

Humble Servant,

BEN. GRIFFIN.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

DON *Lopez Di Porto Vitranto*, the Hypocondriack,	Mr. *Griffin.*
Don *Silvio*, in Love with *Conſtantia*,	Mr. *Ogden.*
Guzman, Phyſician to *Lopez*,	Mr. *Scholding.*
Cardus, an Apothecary,	Mr. *Knapp.*
Diego, Servants to Don *Lopez*,	Mr. *H. Bullock.*
Jaccomo, Servants to Don *Lopez*,	Mr. *Coker.*
1 Mob,	Mr. *Gadard.*
2 Mob,	Mr. *Rogers.*
3 Mob,	Mr. *Scot.*

Bearers, Servants, &c.

WOMEN.

Julia, Wife to Don *Lopez*,	Mrs. *Moore.*
Conſtantia his Daughter, in Love with *Silvio*,	Mrs. *Robertſon*

Scene the Houſe of Don Lopez, *and Street adjoining.*

Time, an Evening.

THE HUMOURS OF PURGATORY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Don Lopez's *House*.

Enter Julia, Conſtantia, *and* Silvio.

Julia.

THERE are no Hopes, *Don Silvio*; my Huſband is reſolv'd, and has juſt now made his Will; ſo that whene'er *Conſtantia* marries, and he dies, all his Eſtate devolves upon the Church.

Silv.

Silv. 'Tis ſtrange *Don Lopez* is ſo deaf to Reaſon and Humanity; will he, without any Provocation, diſinherit, and endeavour to make his only Child miſerable?

Jul. Nay, what's more unaccountable, is his Melancholy; 'tis come to that Height, he won't be perſwaded but he ſhall die to Night; we have us'd all the Means we can invent to drive him out of it, but all to no Purpoſe: He's in the ſixty third (which he calls the Grand Climacterical) Year of his Age; and, he ſays, cannot ſurvive it, becauſe none of his Anceſtors ever did.

Silv. Is he affected with any Diſtemper that gives Cauſe to this Fancy?

Jul. None at all. His Frenzy is the only Malady we can perceive. Indeed he has, for a Day or two paſt, talk'd of Ptiſick, Conſumption, Apoplectick Fits, and I don't know what; but 'till Yeſterday, he has eat, drank, follow'd his Buſineſs, or Diverſion, as well as ever.

Silv. And now ſuppoſes himſelf a dying?

Jul.

Ful. He does; and all we can say won't raise in him a Belief of the contrary.

Silv. I never heard any thing so ridiculous.

Ful. He has order'd me to send for a Father-Confessor to him; but I know if any comes, he'll never bear his Admonition, but abuse him as he does his Physician. In short, we are all ignorant what Course to take with him, or what to do.

Const. I wish, *Don Silvio*, you would take the Office upon you, and perswade him to alter the Will he has made to disinherit me; the Cloth is of some Authority with him, tho' he's not over religious.

Silv. I wish we could change his Mind.

Const. Will you endeavour it?

Silv. With all my Heart; but we must be very secret.

Const. It shall never be discover'd for me.

Ful. Or me.

Silv. Procure me the Habit, and I'll about it instantly.

Ful.

Ful. We have an old Fryar's Gown in the Wardrobe: Go you, *Conſtantia*, and bring it hither. You muſt be very ſerious with him. [*Exit* Conſtantia.

Silv. Ay, let me alone for a religious Hypocrite; I have been in *England*, where Hypocriſy in Religion is a very thriving Trade, and what a numerous Party live by; a Man can't be there without learning ſome of it.

Conſtantia *enters with the Gown.*

Conſt. Here, *Silvio*, put on the Gown.

Ful. And viſit him this Moment; he has been in Expectation of his Confeſſor above this Hour.

Silv. Madam, I'll wait on him this Inſtant. [*Exeunt.*

* *

Scene changes to another Room.

Enter Don Lopez, *and* Silvio *in the Gown.*

Lop. Oh! my Chair! my Chair! my Chair! my great Chair! Oh! oh! oh! I die! Oh! Oh! Oh! this is my Bane! this Cough is my Bane. Ah! ſome Advice!

Advice! Some ſpiritual Aſſiſtance, before I go! O dear Father, I am glad you are come! Oh! oh!

Silv. Have Patience, Son; I will repoſe my ſelf upon this Chair by you, and hear your Confeſſion.

Lop. Ah! Father! ah! with——— is the Door ſhut? Is no Body near us?

Silv. It is ſhut, my Son.

Lop. With Shame I ſpeak it, when I was young, I was—— huh! huh! [*Weeps.*

Silv. Weep not, Son.

Lop. Huh! huh! huh! I have been a wicked Sinner, a very wicked Sinner all my Life long: Oh! oh! oh! my younger Days were moſt notoriouſly wicked; they were Days of Filthineſs and Abomination! I was a Student of the Law here in *Valadolid*; but, like the reſt of my Fellow-Students, I ſtudy'd Knavery and Miſchief more than Law; made Fornication and Adultery all my Practice! The Day I ſpent in cuckolding my honeſt trading Neighbours, and all Night I lay with either my Laundreſs or my Bed-maker—huh! huh! [*Weeps.*

Silv. Compose your Mind, Son; Contrition will alleviate the Heinousness of the Crime: I once committed Fornication my self.

Lop. Ah! Father! I fear you do but flatter me in my Frailties. Do Men of your Profession ever drive that Trade, that wicked Trade?

Silv. Men of our Profession, are Men, and are but Men; the Crime's a venial Crime; Men by Necessity commit that Crime.

Lop. Nay, then there are Hopes for me. The Laity can be in no Danger sure, so long as they only follow their Teachers Example: This is excellent Doctrine indeed for Fornication.

Silv. But I have chastis'd my self for it, and repented.

Lop. Aye, so will I now: I am old; my dancing Days are over; I must repent of those Sort of Sins whether I will or no.

Silv. But proceed, Son.

Lop. Ch! Ch! Ch! Ah this Cough! After I had been expell'd the College for these Misdemeanors, I got into the Excise and Custom Offices, in both which I cheated the Government and the

the Subject, and put the Bread of the Poor in my own Pocket: Nay, when there was any Difference between the Merchant and my ſelf, I never fear'd the Guilt of a little Perjury, ſo I could carry the Cauſe by Dint of Swearing.

Silv. It is the common Practice of thoſe Sort of People; therefore ſince Cuſtom allows it, and our Superiors wink at it, the Crime is not ſo heinous, but my Authority will pardon it.

Lop. Thence I went into the Army, and was in the Service againſt *France* ſeven Years, in which Time, ——I——I——was——I did——I cheated the——I put the Money——I dare not ſay what I did to my poor Fellow-Soldiers——huh! huh!

Silv. Weep not, Son, but proceed.

Lop. Getting a Wound on the Head at the Siege of *Barcelona*, I was render'd unſerviceable, and return'd Home; where buying me a Place in the Hoſpital of *Invalids*, thoſe poor, old, maim'd Soldiers, who had ventur'd their Lives, and loſt their Limbs bravely in the Service of their Country, did I, wicked, confounded I, abuſe, defraud, and uſe—worſe than the Devil would have

done: Cheating them of their Penſions was the leaſt of my Crimes.

Silv. You muſt make Reſtitution, Son; you muſt do ſome Work of Charity; it will be a great Atonement, and leſſen the Magnitude of the Offence.

Lop. After this, I was preferr'd to be a Corrigidor, in which Place I was moſt ſcandalouſly buſy; I ſent out Spies to obſerve honeſt Mens Actions, and encourag'd wicked Informers that would bring them into Trouble. Falſe Witneſſes were my only Delight. I took Bribes, ſold Juſtice, and perverted the Senſe of the Law, as I had Occaſion to ſerve my ſelf or my Party: I weep to think of it; but I often condemn'd the Innocent, and acquitted the Guilty: It was my certain Maxim, that he who had moſt Money, or was beſt back'd by the Intereſt of the Great Ones, had the beſt Cauſe. Huh! huh! huh!

Silv. By my Sacerdotal Office, lamentable Crimes! repent, Son, repent.

Lop. By theſe Courſes, Father, I've gain'd me a conſiderable Eſtate, and the Title of a *Don.*

Silv.

Silv. That is not ſo great a Crime; any Man that has Money, and ſome few neceſſary Qualities to recommend him, may be a Lord now-a-days; 'tis not a Farthing Matter how he comes by his Eſtate, ſo Promotion follow: But of the former Sins, repent, Son, repent.

Lop. I do! I do! and to conclude, Father, my whole Life ſince I have employ'd as an Uſurer and a Stock-Jobber, and have cheated and abus'd every Body.

Silv. Did you never defraud the Church?

Lop. Yes, yes, often; when I was a Boy, I made nothing of robbing the Orchard or the Dove-Houſe of the *Benedictine* Fryars.

Silv. You muſt make Reſtitution, Son.

Lop. I will give all I have to the Church.

Silv. No; you have Children.

Lop. One Daughter.

Silv. She muſt be your ſole Heireſs.

Lop. And not the Church, Father?

Silv. No.

Lop. Ah, Lord help you, you are but a Novice in the Function; you don't know the Bottom of your Buſineſs, I find; I never heard one of your Brotherhood of this Opinion before.

Silv. It is fit you ſhould make Reſtitution; but it is a grievous Sin to diſinherit an only Child, and give your Wealth where it is not wanted: The Brotherhood of the *Benedictines* are rich, very rich; and Superfluity is Luxury, and Luxury is a Sin; and by encouraging Luxury, you do encourage Sin.

Lop. Pho; you are the greateſt Fool for a Fryar, that e'er I met with.

Silv. Your Child is a dutiful Child.

Lop. No, no, ſhe's diſobedient! She's the Devil!

Silv. Nay, but Son——

Lop. Pho! But me no Buts! Ch! ch! ch! quite ſpent! I tell you I'll do what I pleaſe with my own; and ſhe ſhall die a Nun, or a Beggar, I am reſolv'd. Swim a—— Jerk—— ſwim—— my Head turns round: I am going! I faint! I die! oh! ch! ch! ch!

Silv. Help there! Bid the Phyſician come in.

Enter

Enter Guzman, Julia, Conſtantia.

Jul. He faints!

Lop. Ah, Wife, I am going: I told you I ſhould die.

Guz. Some cold Water there.

Lop. Cold Water, with a Pox to you, can you find nothing for a dying Man, but cold Water; you are the Devil of a Doctor! Ch! ch! ch! Hold my Head, Wife, Daughter, hold my Head! Oh! Sick! ſick! ſick!

Guz. Truly this is a Caſe of ſo extraordinary a Nature, I know not in what Manner to proceed.

Lop. Who ſays you do! But where's the extraordinary Nature of the Caſe? I am dying, am I not? And muſt not every Body die?

Silv. Certainly.

Lop. Then what can this Fool of a Phyſician find to wonder at?

Guz. Nay, but, *Don Lopez*, you do not rightly apprehend me.

Lop. Pho! Get you out of my Sight, and let me die in Peace; you know no more of Phyſick than you do of Honeſty; your Practice is a Cheat; your Faculty

Faculty are Knaves; and I'll have nothing to do with any of you. Ch! ch!

Jul. Pray, my Lord, endeavour to compoſe your ſelf.

Lop. Sure a Man had better have the Devil at his Elbow, when he's dying, than a Wife, a Fryar, and a Doctor of Phyſick, all at once. Hold your Peace all of you, and don't trouble me in my laſt Moments. How can you be ſo uncharitable, as not to let a Man die in Quiet? Here you all ſtand gaping about me, like ſo many Vultures, to ſee my laſt Gaſp, and then devour my Subſtance among you. If I were poor, you wou'd all be hang'd before you would trouble me thus.

Gaz. It is my Office to adminiſter—

Lop. Aye, it is your Office to attend the Sick, and adminiſter Things neceſſary; but, as I ſaid, if I were poor, I might die in a Ditch, and be damn'd, if I would, for all your Phyſick or your Prayers; I know you both! Oh! I am dead! Now! now! now! but that I don't know it.

Silv. You are uncharitable, and judge amiſs.

Lop.

Lop. Ch! Ch! Ch! I am going! I am going! I ſhall ſwing into Purgatory in the turning of a Bed-ſtaff! Ch! Ch! cloſe my Eyes, Wife; *Conſtantia*, cloſe my Eyes.

Conſt. Dear Father, you are not ſo near Death as you fancy.

Lop. You lie, you Baggage, I am dead already. Don't you ſee I am ſtiff— ſtiff— and cold as any Stone? Feel on me; I am cold— cold— cold— dead— quite dead.

Guz. Fancy, all Fancy; your Pulſe indeed does beat ſomewhat diſorderly.

Lop. How can any Man be ſo ignorant? Do any Pulſes beat about me?

Guz. Indeed they do.

Lop. 'Tis falſe; I am as dead as a Herring. I am ſpeechleſs, motionleſs, and inſenſible of any Thing. Oh! Oh! Twitch—— there I felt it—— Oh—— Twitch— twitch— Cloſe my Eyes.

Guz. I never ſaw the like.

Lop. Oh! Oh! I'll ding you croſs the Chops, if you touch me. Wheſe— wheſe—— Now! now! now! my laſt Gaſp.

Gaſp. There, ſo—— now I am dead, now I am dead. [*Falls in his Chair as dead.*

Silv. This is wonderful!

Guz. Father, you are a Man of Letters, and, I may ſuppoſe, not unacquainted with our Art of Phyſick.

Silv. I muſt confeſs I have ſome little Knowledge of the Science. I may have as much Knowledge of Phyſick as I have of Divinity, for ought I know. [*Aſide.*

Guz. It is moſt proper to have a perfect Knowledge of this Diſtemper, before one proceed to the Cure of it.

Silv. Certainly.

Guz. Therefore I ſhould be glad to talk with you about it.

Silv. Yes. How ſhall I come off with the Doctor now? [*Aſide.*

Guz. You have ſeen the diagnoſtick, gnoſtick, and prognoſtick Symptoms of this Diſtemper.

Silv. So I have.

Guz. *Don Lopez* is unhappily attack'd, affected, agitated, poſſeſs'd, &c. with that Sort of Folly we call Hypocondriack, or Melancholy: A Frenzy of a very dreadful Species, and which requires

requires a Perſon conſummate in the Art of Phyſick to remove.

Silv. True; very true.

Jul. You do well, always to anſwer in the Affirmative.

Silv. Aye, let me alone; I'll ſay ſomething, though 'tis nothing to the Purpoſe, as he does. [*To Julia.*

Guz. Pray, Lady, how long has *Don Lopez* been troubled with this Diſtemper?

Jul. Several Years. When he was in the Wars, he receiv'd a Wound in the Head, which I believe might be ſome Cauſe of it; for he has been thus between whiles ever ſince.

Lop. Zounds! was I ever dead in my Life before? What Fools you make of your ſelves?

Jul. But never arriv'd to that Degree of Frenzy you now ſee him in.

Guz. Never before.

Lop. How can you ſtand gabbling here, and ſee a Man lie dead before you, without cloſing his Eyes? Have you no Chriſtianity in you? Are you all ſuch Wretches as Fryer

Paul

Paul Skullcap rails at, Athieſts and Papiſts both?

Guz. What has he fed on of late?

Jul. His uſual Dyet; 'till within theſe two Days his Frenzy has been ſo high, we could not get him to eat or drink any Thing.

Guz. Did he uſe to eat often, or much at a Time?

Jul. Yes, he was a very hearty Man always.

Guz. So much the worſe: That great Appetition of frigid and humid, is an Indication of Heat and Aridity within—— Did he ſleep well?

Jul. Very well.

Guz. His Sleep not interrupted with Dreams.

Jul. Yes, ſometimes in the Night he would get up and be ſtirring; but it was ſoon over, and he fell aſleep again.

Guz. Too much given to Drowſineſs.

Jul. Yes, I ſhould have lik'd him much better, had he been leſs inclin'd to Drowſineſs: But to ſay the Truth, he was a Man all his Life-time well enough as to that Particular, take him altogether,

altogether, up and down, as the Proverb ſays.

Guz. I muſt proceed to the Therapeutick Part of this.

Silv. The Therapeutick; yes, ſo you muſt.

Guz. It is by *Galen.*

Silv. The celebrated *Galen.*

Guz. True; the celebrated *Galen* — it is by him.

Silv. And *Hippocrates.*

Guz. Aye, learned Father, and by *Hippocrates*, learnedly diſtinguiſh'd from two others.

Silv. Right; but what they are, the Devil take me if I know.

Guz. The firſt proceeds from the Vitioſity of the Brain.

Silv. Yes, I know it does; it does indeed.

Guz. The ſecond, from the whole Maſs of Blood being obſtructed.

Silv. So it does.

Guz. The third is our preſent Caſe, and is call'd Hypochondriack; it ariſes from a Defect in the lower Venter; the Heat and Inflammation of

which, ſends fuliginous Particles of a craſs Nature to the Brain.

Silv. It is impoſſible to have it found otherwiſe.

Lop. Good Lord! muſt I cloſe my Eyes my ſelf.

Guz. All this being premis'd——

Silv. *Ignoti nulla eſt Curatio Morbi.*

Guz. True; it will not be difficult to concur in Remedies applicable to the Diſtemper.

Lop. Here are Phyſicians for you, with a Plague to 'em; they are preparing Remedies after the Patient is dead.

Guz. Firſt, the Obthurant Plethory of the Body muſt be remov'd; he muſt be liberally phlebotomiz'd, his Bleedings frequent and plentiful.

Lop. He'll ſee you damn'd firſt, I can tell you that.

Guz. He muſt bleed in *Vena Baſilica*, next in *Vena Cephalica*; and if the Diſeaſe proves obſtinate, we muſt open a Vein in his Forehead; he muſt alſo purge, diſopulate, and evacuate by Cathartick proper. Τὰς δὲ μελαγχολικὰς ἀποσκέψεις ταῖς κάτω φαρμακείαις, ſays the forenam'd

nam'd *Hippocrates*, in the 9th Aphoriſm of his 4th Section.

Lop. Why, are not you a damn'd Raſcal now? You can't, like other Doctors, be ſatisfy'd with killing a Man once, but you muſt plague him with Purgations afterwards, and kill him again; you may preſcribe what Potions you pleaſe, but if I take any of them, the Devil take me. You Phyſicians think dead Men tell no Tales; but I, that am a dead Man, can tell you we are too wiſe to be kill'd twice over.

Guz. Pray let him be remov'd to his Bed.

Lop. Zounds! I ſhall ſtink preſently; put me into a Coffin and a Shrowd, and let me be bury'd out of the Way.

Guz. Call your Servants, and let him be put to Bed.

Lop. What, ſhan't I have Chriſtian Burial amongſt you, you inhumane Monſters? I don't know but you may have contracted for my Body, to make an Anatomy; or mean to dry me up, ſend me to the Catacombs, and make an *Ægyptian* Mummy of me.

Guz. Mad, mad, mad; call your Servants.

Enter Diego, Jaccomo.

Jul. Here, *Diego! Jaccomo!* convey your Maſter to his Bed.

Dieg. Yes, Madam.

Lop. Did the Bell toll before I dy'd, *Diego?*

Dieg. Dy'd!

Lop. Dy'd, Saucebox, aye, dy'd; don't you ſee I'm dead.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Lop. Here are precious Raſcals for you, they rejoyce at my Death: I'll go to no Bed but my Grave. You Dogs, where will you carry me?

[*Carry him out in a Chair.*

Guz. I will go and preſcribe what I think moſt proper to begin the Operation, and wait on you again. [*Exit.*

Jul. Your Servant, Doctor.

Silv. Don Lopez is one of the moſt unaccountable Men I ever ſaw.

Jul. It muſt wholly be attributed to his Frenzy.

Silv. Beſides, he's ſo obſtinate, 'tis impoſſible he ſhould ſubſiſt, much leſs be

be cur'd. He has reſolv'd againſt every Thing the Doctor ſhall order him.

Conſt. And will not be perſwaded ſo much as to taſte any Thing that may ſupport Life.

Silv. In ſhort, 'tis my Opinion you had better humour him, and endeavour to work upon him by fair Means; let us pretend to bury him, and ſee if that won't alter his Reſolution; perſwade him that he's in Purgatory, and that he muſt eat and drink there.

Jul. If we could get him to that once, I ſhould think his Frenzy would wear of.

Silv. In all Probability it would.

Jul. I'll leave it wholly to you, *Don Silvio*; I have ſet my Invention on the Rack already to no Purpoſe.

Silv. Let us convey him into ſome dark Room: My ſelf and the whole Family will perſwade him that we are Ghoſts, and he muſt do as we do, eat, drink, and be merry.

Conſt. If this fails of Succeſs, I ſhan't believe any Thing will recover him.

Silv. Let's about it this Moment.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE continues.

Don Lopez *dragging in his Chair with one Hand, his Sword in the other, with which he drives in* Diego *and* Jaccomo.

Lop. I muſt go to Bed! And I ſhall go to Bed! Why, you impudent Scoundrels you, as I am a dead Man, he that firſt touches me, with a Deſign to force me, I'll ſend his Soul, with mine, into Purgatory.

Dieg. It was my Lady's Order, Sir.

Lop. She's more inhuman than a Tygreſs; and if I were alive again, I'd fit her for it, I'd warrant her.

Jac. Nay, Sir, it was the Doctor's Order.

Lop. But I order you to go forthwith to my Neighbour *Sacrilege*, the Sexton, bid him dig me a Grave nine Foot deep, and let him toll the Bell, that good Chriſtians may pray for me: What a Pox, if no Body will bury me, I'll bury my ſelf.

Jac.

Jac. Your Honour may do as you pleaſe; but——

Lop. Go, I ſay.

Exit, and returns with Cardus.

Jac. My Lord, here's your Apothecary.

Lop. Good Lord! more Plagues!

Car. My Lord, your Lordſhip's humble Servant; I am order'd by Doctor *Guzmon Curſe-Gruel*, to let you Blood in *Vena Baſilica*; but firſt here's a ſmall Preſcription you are to take.

Lop. Thank you heartily; but I know better.

Car. Indeed, my Lord, you muſt take it.

Lop. Take it! Why, don't you ſee I am dead; are you mad or bewitch'd?

Car. Ha! ha! I know it is your Lordſhip's Diſtemper, and if you wou'd pleaſe to take it——

Lop. Let me ſee it.

Car. Here, get a Glaſs, a Drinking-Glaſs—— My Lord, it is an inoffenſive Cathartick, a Sort of an eaſy Evacuator, or Preludium to other Preſcriptions.

Lop.

Lop. Hah!

Car. You need not fear any malign Influence; it will do you no Harm in the World.

Lop. Won't it?

Car. No, Sir; 'tis order'd, Sir, 'tis order'd by the Doctor; and being order'd, as I ſaid, it was —a— will you be pleas'd to take it? —'tis benign, benign, Sir; abſterſive, abſterſive.

[*Gives him the Glaſs.*

Lop. Abſterſive, ha, abſterſive! here, you Blockhead, take your Abſterſive your ſelf, and let it be benign, benign to you, with a Pox to you.

[*Throws it in his Face.*

Car. Ah—my Lord,--ah! fye,—this is all wrong; but that 'tis owing to your Diſtemper, or 'twere inſufferable Uſage: Will you pleaſe to bare your Arm.

Lop. For what?

Car. To be let Blood.

Lop. Blood——ha!

Car. Yes, my Lord.

Lop. Blood!

Car. Yes.

Lop. Why, have not you the Senſe to know that a dead Man's Blood is cold?

—ſtag-

—ſtagnated—and congeal'd? Were you to cut open every Vein in my Body, I ſhould bleed no more than a Poſt; and would you have Blood out of a Poſt? Out, you Nizey Toad! I never heard of ſuch a Blockhead in all the Days of my Life, never ſince I was born. [*Going to him.*

Car. Ah—no—but if you——

Lop. Zounds, if you touch me, I'll be the Death of you!

Car. Pray, Gentlemen, do me the Favour to aſſiſt me.

Lop. You had beſt leave the Room, or I'll——

Car. I will diſpatch as ſoon as you pleaſe; I love to be expeditious in diſpatching a Patient according to the Doctor's Orders; I'll do it with a Jirk.

Lop. A Jirk, ha! a Jirk! I tell you I am diſpatch'd already; and if you had the Senſe of a Gander, you would ſee it. Leave me preſently, or, a Plague confound you, I'll jerk you to the Devil! Jerk, quotha, Jerk!

Car. O fye——

Lop. Blood and Deſtruction, I'll bear it no longer! Sure no Ghoſt, no poor Ghoſt

Ghoſt was ever [*Beats 'em off the Stage.*] ſo tormented as mine! [*Sits down.*

Enter Julia *and* Conſtantia.

Jul. O my poor Lord! little did I think of ſuch a Change as this; little did I ſuſpect his Death would have been ſo ſudden.——Come, bring in the Shrowd and Coffin; ſince 'tis ſo, we muſt endeavour to bear it with Patience: Take off his Gown, *Faccomo*, and put this Shrowd upon him; he always declar'd againſt Waſhing and Laying-out.

Lop. Aye, now you behave yourſelves like Chriſtians.

Conſt. Ah, my poor, dear, dead Father! oh! oh! [*Weeps.*

Lop. Poor Child! poor Child! poor Child. [*They put him in the Coffin.*

Enter Silvio.

Silv. Madam, every Thing is ready for the Funeral; the People wait without that have brought the Bier; the Grave is made, and I have order'd the Bell to toll as we go.

Jul.

Jul. I am not willing to bury him ſo ſoon; I have heard of thoſe that have been thought dead, and yet have been only in a Trance; perhaps he's ſo.

Silv. Ah, Madam, he's in no Trance, he's dead for certain, really dead.

Lop. Aye, ſo I am, to be ſure! A Trance! no, no, I'm in no Trance; I am dead in earneſt.

Silv. He was no Friend to me, but yet I lov'd him for *Conſtantia*'s Sake, and muſt ſhed one Tear at his Funeral.

Jul. Let the Bearers come in, and take him up.

Enter Bearers, who lay Don Lopez on the Bier.

Conſt. Ah! my poor Father!

Silv. Ah! reſt his Soul!

Jac. Diego, why don't you weep?

Dieg. Huh! huh! huh! Oh! oh! oh! my poor Maſter!

Jac. Oh! oh! oh! huh! huh!

Bell tolls. They carry him off. *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter the Funeral Proceſſion.

Julia, Silvio, Conſtantia, Diego, Jaccomo, and the Mob.

1 *Mob.*

WHOSE Funeral is this?

2 *Mob.* Who is to be bury'd?

3 *Mob.* It is old *Don Lopez di Porto Vitranto.*

1 *Mob.* That old Rogue!

2 *Mob.* He was a curſed Villain!

3 *Mob.* He wrong'd the Poor.

2 *Mob.*

2 *Mob.* He was an Uſurer.

3 *Mob.* A Stock-Jobber.

1 *Mob.* A Thief.

2 *Mob.* He murder'd a Man once.

3 *Mob.* The World is well rid of him.

2 *Mob.* We'll ſee where he's bury'd, Neighbours.

3 *Mob.* That we may drive a Stake through his Carcaſs, as they do thro' thoſe that fore-do themſelves, and go headlong to the Devil.

2 *Mob.* An old Wretch.

[*Starts up in his Coffin.*

Lop. Do if you dare! you abominable ſlandering Villains! Are not you afraid of a Judgment upon you, for belying the Dead thus?

2 *Mob.* Ah! ah! the old Knave is not dead.

Lop. Did I ever commit Murder, or Theft? Did I? you lying Raſcals! Zounds, if I were not dead, I'd—— I'd ——go to Law with you; I'd ſouſe you with a Vengeance, Raſcals!

2 *Mob.* He's not dead, Neighbours.

Lop. You lie! I am dead! and 'tis well for you that I am. A Slanderer of the Dead, is worſe than a Parricide:

If I were alive, I'd deal with you, you Villains.

Silv. Leave 'em to me, *Don Lopez*; I'll use 'em according to their Deserts, I'll warrant 'em.

Lop. Sue 'em, arrest 'em all.

Silv. So I will.

Lop. I think poor old *Don Lopez*, that is dead and gone, was acquainted with thee once. Art thou not *Don Silvio*?

Silv. I am.

Lop. Good lack! this is kind of thee. I did not think thou hadst been so honest a Fellow; if I had, thou should'st have marry'd my Daughter: But now I'm dead, and can't alter my Will.

Silv. No, I am sorry for it.

Lop. Well, thou wilt see me bury'd?

Silv. Yes, I will.

Lop. And go to Law with those Villains, those Traytors?

Silv. You may depend upon it.

Lop. Farewel, *Silvio*, if I can do thee any Service in the other World, depend upon it I will. [*Lies down.*

[*Exeunt all but the Mob.*

1 *Mob.* Well, but Neighbours, what Jeſt is all this? I thought *Don Lopez* had been dead.

3 *Mob.* No, no, he's but dead in Jeſt, and has a Mind to be bury'd in Jeſt, I ſuppoſe.

1 *Mob.* And ſo go to the Devil in Earneſt, has he?

3 *Mob.* Poh! no, no, let him alone for that; he won't go to the Devil ſo long as he can help it. Thoſe Sort of Uſurers, and Stop-Jobbers, and Lawyers, and Corrigidors, and ſuch, do all they can to cheat the Devil.

1 *Mob.* Ho! ho! and this was only to cheat the Devil, was it?

3 *Mob.* Nothing in the World elſe: *Don Silvio* hir'd us to do it, Man: Here's Money, d'ye ſee? Come, let's go and be merry with it.

All. Aye, let us, let us.

3 *Mob.* Hold, hold, it is good to be merry and wiſe, as the World runs.

2 *Mob.* Aye, and 'tis good to have Wit in our Anger too.

3 *Mob.* So 'tis; and we muſt have a Care, whatever we think—— that we talk no Treaſon—— againſt my Lord Mayor's Horſe; tho' there's no great

Matter of Crime in it, yet for fear of being drawn into Preliminaries.

2 *Mob.* You ſay right, and ſo Mum — for that.

3 *Mob.* But we'll——

Drink, and drive Care away,
Drink, and be merry;
We ſhall here go the ſooner to the Stygian *Ferry.*

Come, Neighbours, come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Don Lopez's *Houſe.*

Stage made dark.

Enter with the Coffin, Silvio, Julia, Conſtantia, *&c.*

Silv. Here reſt in Peace, *Don Lopez*; once I did hope to call you Father, but now thoſe Hopes are loſt: Now I can only wiſh it had been ſo, and ſay I was your Friend.

Jul. Huh! huh! Ah poor *Don Lopez!* I am become a Widow by this Loſs; no Friend, no Happineſs of Life to come. Would I could reſt with thee, then never more ſhould Care or Sorrow reach me.

Conſt. I am an Orphan, left to the unhoſpitable World a weak and helpleſs Prey.

Silv. Madam, be comforted; his Name ſhall ſtill ſurvive, though his cold Corpſe within this ſilent Tomb moulders to Duſt, and in Oblivion's loſt.

Jul. O my Heart!

Silv. Enough by all means. Now let us entertain him with the Muſick.

Jac. O Lord! Let us weep a little firſt, if it be only as Great Mens Heirs do, or younger Brothers for the Death of the Eldeſt, for Faſhion: Huh! huh! huh! my dear, dear Maſter! [*Aſide.*

Dieg. And mine too; ah cruel Death, to rob me of ſo good a Maſter!

Jac. So juſt.

Dieg. So bountiful.

Jac. So charitable.

Dieg. So honeſt, huh! huh!

Jac. I can but weep for him: Huh! huh!

Lop. Poor Fellows, I pity 'em; they will want me, that's the Truth on't. [*In the Coffin.*

Silv. Come, let's retire, and to his Reſt commend him; and Peace be with his Soul. [*Exeunt.*

Lop. Amen, Amen, with all my Heart.

Here the Muſick Don Lopez *riſes, and looks about him. Enter the Dancers,* Lopez *obſerving 'em all the while. The Dance ended, enter* Diego *and* Jaccomo *like Ghoſts, with a Table, Chairs, Wine;* Lopez *obſerves 'em, they go off.* [Exeunt.

Lop. What a Plague can be the Meaning of all this? Where am I? And who are all theſe? I never was ſo amaz'd in my Life.

Enter

Enter Silvio, Julia, Conſtantia, *and one to ſing, all dreſs'd like Ghoſts.*

Silv. Sir I thank you; there can't be better Entertainment in the other World.

Lop. Other World! what World is this, I trow?

Silv. Sir, my Service to you.

Lop. To me; thank you heartily—But pray, Sirs, what Place is this I am in?

Silv. You are in Purgatory.

Lop. In Purgatory! Good Lack! And pray who are all thoſe I have ſeen dance and caper about thus?

Silv. They are Ghoſts—— dead People that have been bury'd.

Lop. Good Lord! and they dance and ſing in Purgatory?

Silv. Moſt certain.

Lop. And are jovial and merry?

Silv. Always.

Lop. Our Ghoſtly Fathers tell us of fiery Purgations, heavy Penance, and I don't know what; for my Part, I expected to be roaſted, ſing'd—— or to come off with a Flaughing at beſt.

Silv.

Silv. No ſuch Thing.

Lop. I am glad on't, faith! glad at my Heart! Sure People are bewitch'd in that World I come from, to believe all theſe Things.

Silv. Aye, you are often told Things there by your Betters, that they themſelves don't believe.

Lop. But pray what Country-men are you?

Silv. Citizens of *Braudipolis.*

Lop. But I mean what Country-men were you in the other World?

Silv. Spaniards of *Valadolid.*

Lop. My own Country-men! And pray is this ſame Place, this Purgatory, peopled with none but *Spaniards?*

Silv. O yes, here are Ghoſts from all Parts of the World.

Lop. Indeed!

Silv. Of all Nations, and of all Ages.

Lop. Wonderful!

Silv. Wou'd you believe it?

Lop. What!

Silv. We have *Alexander the Great* among us ſtill.

Lop. And, pray, is he the ſame hot-headed, fighting Fellow here, as Good-

man

man *Plutarch* would make us believe he was in the other World?

Silv. No—— *Darius* and he go Partners here.

Lop. Partners! in what?

Silv. Both are nothing here but Rat-Catchers.

Lop. Good Lack! *Alexander* the Great but a Rat-Catcher! Their Courage is finely cool'd, that they dare encounter no other Enemies than Rats. Dwindled into Rat-Catchers!

Silv. What do you think *Julius Cæsar* is now?

Lop. I know not, truly.

Silv. Why he and *Pompey* are but two *Bear-Garden* Prize-Fighters.

Lop. Such as make Sport in our World for Holiday-Fools?

Silv. The same. And the handsome *Mark Anthony* is a Corn-Cutter, and goes about the Streets. ——

Lop. Have you any Corns to cut, Feet or Toes?

Silv. Yes.

Lop. I am amaz'd! May I drink with you?

Silv. If you please. [*They give him Wine.*

Lop.

Lop. And have you any Popes among you?

Silv. Yes, several.

Lop. And how are they employ'd?

Silv. Generally to bake Gingerbread, and sell *Aqua Mirabilis.*

Lop. Another Glass—— You have very good Wine here.

Silv. Yes.

Lop. Of what Growth?

Silv. *Acheron*'s fertile Banks.

Lop. I am amaz'd again! And pray have you any Women amongst you here in Purgatory?

Silv. No, we are told very few of them have any Souls.

Lop. But those that have, what becomes of them?

Silv. They are generally dispos'd of in a lower Region.

Lop. And do you drive distinct Trades here, as in the other World?

Silv. The very same; here are Ghosts of all Occupations.

Lop. A Pox take it! I wish I had brought my Money along with me, I would have follow'd one of my old Trades.

Silv.

Silv. What were they?

Lop. The Law, or Uſury, or Stock-Jobbing, or Phyſick, or a Vintner.

Silv. No, you could not; they are all ſo ſcandalous in the other World, *Pluto* will ſuffer none of 'em here, except Vintners; them we can't be without.

Lop. Then *Pluto* is his High and Mightineſs here, and will not ſuffer any of thoſe Trades, but Vintners only?

Silv. Here they dare as well be burnt, as uſe Cyder and Turnip-Juice; and they have got ſuch a damn'd Trick of it in the other World, that if the Devil fetch 'em, they won't leave it off.

Lop. Some more Wine then —— but how —— fill the Glaſs. But how does *Pluto* diſpoſe of ſo many ſeveral Degrees of People, as there are in the other World: You know there's Nobles, Gentlemen, Mechanicks, &c.

Silv. He makes no Diſtinction here; all are diſpoſ'd of, at his Pleaſure, only Fops, Beaus, Gameſters, Cuckolds, Dancing-Maſters, Fiddlers, and ſuch.

Lop. And what comes of them?

Silv.

Silv. They are generally ſent into the Limbo of Fools, and ſet to ſpin.

Lop. Spin — Beaus — Cuckolds — Fops — and Fiddlers ſet to ſpin! Gad's Curſe! Nay, to ſay the Truth on't, they are good for little elſe in the other World.

Silv. Come, get out of your Coffin, ſit down, and take a Bottle with us.

Lop. Shall I —? I han't a Farthing to pay my Reckoning.

Silv. No Matter, we are in *Pluto*'s Court, and all we eat or drink, is Free-Coſt.

Lop. Nay, if it be ſo, I can be as free as any of you: I never car'd how often I could eat and drink on Free-Coſt. But I hope you have no Players here in Purgatory; for they will make plaguy free with your Commons, where there is nothing to pay.

[*Gets out.*

Silv. O let not that trouble you, we never fear Proviſions falling ſhort. But come, Sir, my humble Service.

Lop. To me again? With all my Heart.

Silv. Two in a Hand.

Lop.

Lop. Aye, ten, if you pleaſe. Oh! this delicious Free-coſt! A Plague for ever confound thoſe Words, *What's to pay?* —— that the old World I come from makes ſo common an Uſe of; a Man can't be merry there, but a ſcurvy Rogue of a Drawer comes with a *to pay* at his Arſe, and choaks all ones Mirth in the very Heighth of it. Faith this is good Wine: Oh, thoſe damn'd poyſoning Dogs the Vintners in our World.

Enter Diego *and* Jaccomo.

Silv. Here, Waiters, ſerve in Supper.

Lop. Supper —— better and better: I am to ſup here, am I?

Silv. If you like a Fowl.

Lop. A Fowl! Aye marry do I, 'tis fine Eating! and I have a delicate Stomach. I ſhould in the other World have been a Fryar or a Cardinal by right; for I love dearly to fill my Belly, and live on the Fat of the Land.

Supper brought in.

Lop. A little more Wine. Oh this Heavenly Free-coſt!—— this Nothing to pay is better than all! What do you call it——a——

Silv. Acheron.

Lop. Aye, *Acheron* Wine.

Silv. Fall too; no Ceremony.

Lop. No, I hate Ceremonies at Table: I am as much an Enemy to 'em there, as ſome Men are at Church. I never was for long Graces, to make the Meat cold; when the Stomach's eager, and the Food ready, Delays are dangerous——

Muſick plays.

Muſick again! Lord! what a Life I ſhall lead in Purgatory?

Silv. Sir, you are extreamly welcome.

Lop. Aye, ſo it ſeems——Excellent Food, Faith, and Wine! Oh this heavenly Free-coſt!— Another Glaſs of it. —A Bumper, Sirrah, it's Free-coſt. Sir, my Service.

Silv.

Silv. Your Servant.

Lop. Well, but am I always to live thus?

Silv. As long as you pleaſe.

Lop. I ſwear, I was never ſo merry in all my Life, as I have been here ſince I dy'd. I will get drunk twice every Day with this Free-coſt *Acheron.* —— Come, another Glaſs —— Hey ho —— I begin to be ſleepy, my-thinks.

Silv. You may take a Nap in your Chair, if you pleaſe.

Lop. So I will then; but ſome more of this Heavenly Free-coſt firſt— You won't leave me alone here: I ſuppoſe I ſhall find you here when I wake.

Silv. Aye, aye, we are no Flinchers in this World.

Lop. Hey ho —— in half an Hour a Jogg, d'ye hear.

Silv. Aye, aye.

Lop. Hey ho, hey ho! [*Sleeps.*

Silv. He's faſt already, I think; this Eating and Drinking after his late Abſtinence has quite oppreſs'd him.

Conſt. This Sleep was lucky.

Silv. *Facciamo*, convey all theſe Things away.

Jul. And now let's prepare to anſwer when he calls.

Conſt. Throw off our Diſguiſes, and be again in the Land of the Living.

[*Carry off the Table.*

Silv. Jaccomo.

Jac. Sir.

Silv. Now let there be Lights here.

Jac. Yes, Sir.

Silv. Come, Ladies, let us watch his Slumbers at a ſmall Diſtance, and expect the Conſequences. If he has but Reaſon enough left to make Reflection on his own Abſurdities, it may prove an abſolute Cure for his Melancholy, and reconcile him once again to Life and his Family. [*Exeunt.*

Lopez *alone; the Stage lighted.*

Lop. Another Glaſs of Free-coſt? Countrymen! Ghoſts! What the Pox made 'em leave me! Where are they all gone! Now if I ſhould have to pay for all this Heavenly Free-coſt at laſt, what a fine Pickle ſhould I be in, without the Devil a Grig in my Pocket. So ho! So ho! Ghoſts! Where are you all!

Enter

Enter Jaccomo.

Jac. Did you call, Sir?

Lop. Zounds! How came you here, *Jaccomo?*

Jac. Came here, Sir! Did you not call me?

Lop. Call you! Why, where am I, Sirrah!

Jac. In Madam *Conſtantia*'s Chamber?

Lop. The Devil lie you, ſure! In Madam *Conſtantia*'s Chamber! Why, I am in Purgatory.

Jac. No, Lord, in Purgatory! no, Sir: You went to ſleep two Hours ago.

Lop. To ſleep! Who was it eat and drank with me juſt now?

Jac. No Body, Sir; here has not been any Body.

Lop. Pho! You lie, Sirrah!

Enter Silvio, Julia, Conſtantia.

Silv. How does my Lord *Don Lopez?*

Lop. Faith, I can't tell you—— I know nothing of the Matter—— Who are you all?

Silv. Does not your Lordſhip know your humble Servant *Silvio?*

Lop. Silvio! Where have I been? Have I not been dead and bury'd, and in Porgatory; at Supper too, and drinking of free coſt *Acheron*; and ſeeing Ghoſts dance and ſing, and the Devil knows what?

Ful. It was but the Roving of your Fancy in a Dream; you have been aſleep, *Don Lopez*, in that Chair.

Lop. Aſleep! How long can I have been aſleep?

Ful. Better than two Hours. You ſaid your Head ach'd a little, and you would try to ſleep: So we did not awake you; tho' *Don Silvio* has been here above an Hour, to know your final Reſolution as to his Marriage with *Conſtantia.*

Lop. But are you ſure that I am alive?

Ful. Yes.

Lop. I'll burn my Will then; for I have ſeen a Viſion, which informs me *Don Silvio* is an honeſt Man, and my Friend. Therefore, to Morrow Morning, he ſhall marry my Child, and be my ſole Heir; but for to Night, I feel my

my ſelf out of Order, and will go to Bed; after a Night's Reſt I ſhall be better perhaps, and may join with you in your Mirth. But do you hear, *Silvio*, you muſt promiſe to proſecute thoſe People who defam'd me when I was dead; and thereupon I give you my Daughter.

Silv. A Gift ſo valuable, will make me look on your Pleaſure in every Thing as my Duty.

Lop. Well, *Julia*, give me hold on thy Arm; for even yet I cannot be poſitive whether I am dead or alive: I fear my Indiſpoſition has made me uneaſy to thee; but I ſhall endeavour to be a more reaſonable Huſband for the future, and let you ſo far enjoy your ſelf, that you ſhall not have Cauſe to

Repent, my fancy'd Burial was a Story,
And wiſh me really gone to Purgatory.

[Exeunt.

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